This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

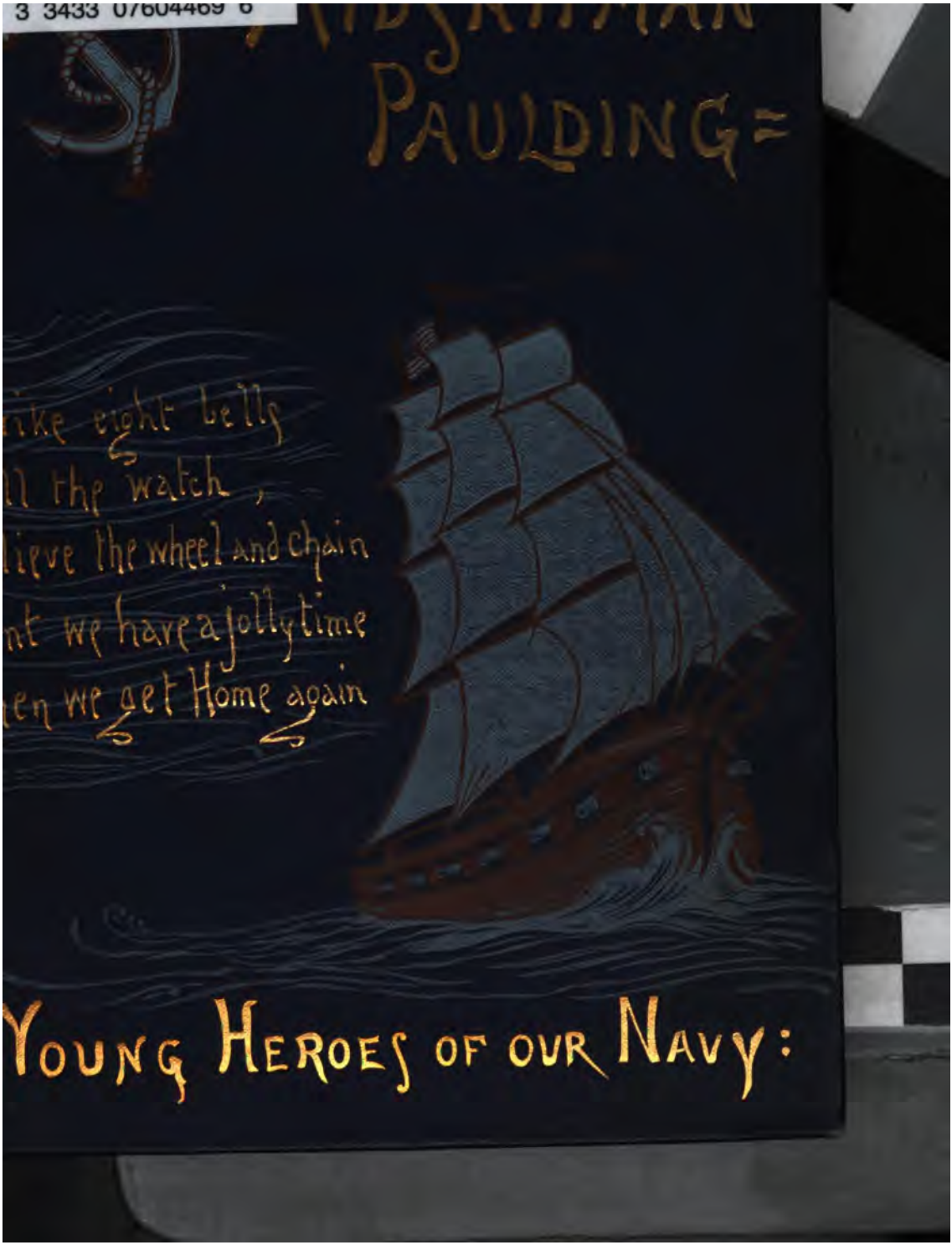
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07604469 6


PAULDING=
ike eight bells
n the watch,
lieve the wheel and chain
nt we have a jolly time
en we get Home again
YOUNG HEROES OF OUR NAVY:

THE REAR ADMIRAL
FRANKLIN HANFORD, U. S. N.
COLLECTION IN THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
· 1929 ·

MIDSHIPMAN PAULDING.

With his own hand Paulding sighted the carronade that sent a shot screaming over the water. (P. 98.)

Midshipman Paulding

BY

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

AUTHOR OF

LITTLE JARVIS, THROCKMORTON, MAID MARIAN, ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1891

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
169773 A
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1900

COPYRIGHT, 1891,
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

ILLUSTRATIONS.

FACING PAGE

With his own hand Paulding sighted the carronade that sent a shot screaming over the water . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

"You lazy, good-for-nothing Dutchman!" 24

Paulding and Danny 63

Hiram Paulding, Lieutenant U. S. N. 95

Drawing his pistol, he flashed it at the touch-hole of the gun . 120

The battle of Lake Champlain 125

MIDSHIPMAN PAULDING.

I.

IN WHICH HIRAM MAKES HIS BOW TO THE WORLD.

PETER GANSEVOORT'S tavern, up in the wilderness of northern New York, had never been so uproarious in all the thirty years it had been built as on one chilly spring night in 1813, when Colonel Tuthill's regiment, on a forced march to Sackett's Harbor, had come pouring into the village just at nightfall. Reports of sharp fighting had been flying about the country for several days, and not a moment was to be lost in re-enforcing Sackett's Harbor, upon which an attack by the British,

by land and sea, was hourly expected. The staid and sober villagers were at their wits' end how to feed the multitude of hungry soldiers, who were quartered in houses and barns and stables—wherever a tired man could find a spot and a bundle of hay to sleep on. Campfires were burning brightly on the edges of the straggling village, for the night was singularly cold for the season, and in Peter Gansevoort's sanded parlor a blaze fit for midwinter went roaring up the big chimney. The ruddy light illuminated the quaint, low-ceiled room, and threw a mellow reflection upon two highly colored portraits, one of General Washington, and the other of the Marquis de Lafayette. The General, in yellow breeches and red topboots, was represented as glaring in a fierce

and savage manner at the Marquis, whose countenance, if the artist was to be believed, indicated all the worst passions of human nature. The room was full of officers, hungry and impatient for their supper. The cloth was laid, and Peter, with his buxom wife, was bustling back and forth, hurrying up things generally.

Now, although Peter was a good American at heart, he was Holland-born, and as arrant a Dutchman as ever stepped. But Peter fondly imagined that all the Dutch had been ground out of him, and was continually being surprised and exasperated by the small boys in the village, who followed him to church on Sundays, whooping after him, "Dutch Peter! Dutch Peter!"

"Oh, der defel!" groaned Peter in the

pantry that night. "Solchers is hard to blease. I haf nearly run my legs off, and instead of saying, 'Thank you, Peter,' 'Much obliged, landlord,' it's 'Hurry up there, you Dutch demijohn!' 'Step lively, Dutchy!' and if anybody galls me a Dootchman," continued Peter, getting very red and wiping his face on his white apron, "or says I dalks Dootch, or looks Doøtch, it makes me as mad as der defel, and I vill bunch his head!"

At that very moment Colonel Tuthill called out sharply, "Landlord! landlord!" and Peter jumped as if a hornet had stung him.

"Yes, sir—directly, sir—goming, sir," answered Peter, and in two minutes supper was smoking on the table. The officers—more than a dozen—sat down; but there

was a vacant place next Colonel Tuthill after all were seated.

"Whom is that for?" asked the Colonel.

"Dot ees for a nice leedle boy in 'midshipman's uniform dot has joost tramped into the village with a gang of sailors tagging after him. He told me, with as mooch air as any gommodore, to save him a place at der officers' table, and I thought to myself, 'Eef leedle boys like dot is all we've got to fight the Breetish, Lord help Peter Gansevoort and all other goot Amerigans!"

As Peter was speaking the door opened and a handsome young midshipman, about fourteen years old, entered. He at once perceived by Colonel Tuthill's place at the head of the table that he was the ranking officer, and, going up to him, made a low bow.

"I ask leave to introduce myself, sir.

I am Midshipman Hiram Paulding, of the United States navy."

Colonel Tuthill rose from his chair and offered his hand courteously to the little midshipman.

"And I am Colonel Tuthill. I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Paulding, and beg to introduce you to the officers of my regiment." Then he introduced Hiram formally to all the officers present, and invited him to take the vacant place at his side.

The boy's address was so easy, and there was so much modest manliness in his bearing, that all the officers were at once prepossessed in his favor. But then, Dutch Peter appearing with a great roast pig on a large platter held high above his head, the officers turned their attention to

their supper, and the colonel led in a gallant and dashing charge on the pig.

Hungry and tired as they all were after a succession of forced marches, the comfort and plenty around them was doubly welcome. With that disposition to seize the present moment for enjoyment which is characteristic of soldiers and sailors, they forgot all hardships past, all dangers to come. They laughed and chaffed each other, and told merry stories by the dozen; and while the young midshipman was too modest to take much share in the conversation of his elders and superiors, he did more laughing than anybody else. He felt a little ashamed of this, and once or twice, when his fresh, boyish laugh rang out in advance of the point of a good story, he turned crimson, and retired behind his napkin—but be-

fore he could straighten his face some new drollery would tickle him, and off he would go again. This amused the older officers very much, but they found when they addressed the little midshipman that he could answer them gravely and pertinently enough.

Colonel Tuthill entered pleasantly into conversation with his young neighbor (who did his part nobly in demolishing the pig), and became still more pleased at the boy's sensible and straightforward answers. Presently supper was over, and pipes were in order. Hiram had taken a pipe when Peter Gansevoort passed them round, and in doing so had turned very red, but after a few mild whiffs he had suddenly turned very pale. The colonel smiled and said nothing, but Hiram seemed to forget all about the pipe, and professed to be very much sur-

prised some time after when he found it had gone out.

"And may I inquire your destination, Mr. Paulding?" asked the colonel.

"I am under orders to Commodore Chauncey's flag ship, the Oneida, on Lake Ontario, sir," answered Hiram. "I have never seen any sea service yet, although I have had my commission for more than a year."

"And are you a native of this State?"

"Yes, sir. I was born in Westchester County."

"There was a John Paulding, of Westchester, who conferred a great service on his country in the capture of Major André."

"That was my father," said Hiram, his eyes brightening with pleasure.

"Then let me felicitate you upon being

the son of such a man," cried Colonel Tuthill warmly. "Gentlemen, you may remember, perhaps, that when Williams, one of Major André's three captors, asked him if he would give all the personal property about him and a hundred guineas for his freedom, John Paulding cried, 'Not for ten thousand guineas shall you stir a step!' Let us drink a health to John Paulding."

In those days anything was an excuse for drinking a health, and Hiram was called upon to reply. But, after rising and standing a few minutes, coloring furiously, without being able to utter a word, Colonel Tuthill, taking pity on his embarrassment, said kindly:

"Sit down, Mr. Paulding. Your modesty does you no discredit." And Hiram sat down, infinitely relieved.

"Are you your father's only son?" asked the colonel.

"No, sir," replied Hiram gravely. "There are nineteen more children besides myself."

This startling announcement was made so naïvely that the officers roared out laughing, much to Hiram's surprise. He knew that a family of twenty children, even in a prosperous and well-to-do household like John Paulding's, had its disadvantages, but these were rather doleful than laughable.

"I should say, Mr. Paulding, that you did not suffer for want of company at home?" remarked Colonel Tuthill, laughing.

"Not in the least, sir, I assure you," responded Hiram earnestly. "The trouble is to find a quiet spot."

"And how did you manage to make this village, with your sailors, for I hear you have a detachment?"

"I came to Albany by schooner, sir, and from there to Utica in a mail-carrier's wagon, with a drum-major for company. At Utica I found these sailors on their way to Commodore Chauncey's squadron. They are all Americans—every one of them, sir—and some of them have fought in the British navy. We got on very well as far as the corduroy roads lasted, but to-day we have trudged through the woods nearly forty miles."

"And how did your sailors march, Mr. Paulding?"

"Very poorly, sir," answered Hiram, sighing. "They groaned and swore so hard as they rolled along that I scarcely

knew what to do; so I just marched ahead, holding myself as straight as I could, and pretended not to hear what they were saying."

"Very proper conduct for a young officer."

"And, although they got along so slowly, every time we stopped, one of them, who has a fiddle in his kit, would get it out and begin to play, and then they'd dance hornpipes instead of resting."

"What have you done with them tonight?" asked the colonel.

"I got them a barn to sleep in and something to eat before I looked out for myself. They are very respectful to me as long as my eye is on them, but the minute my back is turned they begin growling about the march and their heavy kits and

everything. But I don't believe they'd growl about fighting. They growled about what they got to eat until I showed them I had no better, and didn't complain about it. There is one old fellow, a boatswain's mate, named Danny Dixon, that is a great help to me. He was a powder-monkey on Captain Paul Jones's ship, the Bon Homme Richard, when he fought the Serapis; and Dixon begins everything he tells with, 'When I was a powder-monkey aboard Cap'n Paul Jones's ship, the Bunnum Richard.' He's a very amusing old fellow. That must have been a fine fight of Captain Jones's, Colonel Tuthill?"

"A deuced fine fight, sir," answered Colonel Tuthill. "I hope we shall have some more like it. I see you know something of the world, Mr. Paulding."

"I have seen very little of it, sir," replied Hiram, "as I was never away from home in my life before. But one learns a good deal with nineteen sisters and brothers for companions."

"I should think so, although I have never enjoyed that advantage myself," replied the colonel, smiling; and then the conversation became general. The officers smoked and told stories and sang songs, and all were in high spirits and delighted with the prospect of active service. Hiram enjoyed himself immensely. For the first time in his life he was treated as a man by men. He thought an officer's life must certainly be the pleasantest in the world. But after a little while a sweet forgetfulness came softly upon him. He lay back in his chair, and thought the fire dancing up the

chimney was the fire in his father's house at home, and the songs and the laughter around him was a pretty dream. He put his hands behind his head to listen to the dream music, and presently it got fainter and farther off, and then a silence sweeter than the music even took its place. All this seemed to Hiram to have taken a long, long time. But to Colonel Tuthill, watching the boy, it was not five minutes from the time his eyes grew heavy until he was sleeping soundly, his curly head resting on his arm. The colonel watched him, and presently calling Peter Gansevoort to him, pointed to the little officer sleeping so peacefully, and said in a low voice:

"Take him and put him in a quiet room to himself, and let him sleep until morning."

Peter, who was a muscular fellow, with more brawn than brains, picked Hiram up as if he were a baby. The motion half waked him, although he did not realize where he was or what was being done to him.

"Landlord," he cried in a sleepy voice, "wake me at daylight to-morrow morning. I must start early with my men. Good night, father and mother! Good night, boys!" and in another minute he was as fast asleep as ever.

Peter carried him into the next room, and laid him in a bed and covered him up carefully.

"And I'll let him shleep as long as he likes," thought Peter; "and if he misses der vight to-morrow, all der better. Boor leedle chop!"

II.

A VICTORY OVER A DUTCH LUGGER.

NEXT morning, about nine o'clock, when every soldier and officer had cleared out of the village, and Peter, wearing a large pair of horn spectacles and his invariable great white apron, was busy before his ledger in the dining-room, the door was dashed open and a very disheveled and angry little midshipman, with his hair tumbled over his eyes, bounced into the room. "Landlord! landlord!" he shouted at the top of his lungs; and then seeing Peter before him, he burst out furiously:

"You lazy, good-for-nothing Dutchman, why didn't you wake me at daylight, as I ordered you, when the other officers left? There you let me lie and snooze when

"You lazy, good-for-nothing Dutchman!"

every other officer has had four hours' start of me! Explain your conduct, sir, or—"

"Egsplain my coonduct!" said Peter coolly, and straightening his horn spectacles, as he looked at Hiram with infinite scorn.

Now Peter was very kindly disposed toward "der leedle boy," but this unlucky allusion to him as a Dutchman cooked Hiram's goose, so to speak. And as for the respect due a midshipman and a gentleman, Peter had no more idea of it than a Dutch windmill. He was very obsequious to a real live colonel with a regiment at his back, but he was a thoroughly independent person with a fourteen-year old midshipman who had only a dozen sailors rolling along after him.

"Vell," said he, with a snort of indignation, "I dells you. I didn't think it mat-

tered a bawbee whether a leedle shaver like you is shleepin' hard at Peter Gansevoort's davern, or is marching along, to got under der heels of der big officers and trip dem oop, so I says to mine vrow, 'Let der leedle shaver shleep.' But I dells you, Hiram, don't you gall me no Dootchman; don't you do it, leedle boy!"

Hiram stood perfectly purple with rage. His father, who had been a revolutionary soldier, had drilled him well in the etiquette of an officer; and, besides, he had been on board the ships in New York harbor. A midshipman who has once stepped upon the quarter-deck is not likely to underrate the respect due him by a civilian, and Hiram considered the slightest familiarity toward a gentleman with an officer's commission in his pocket was a mortal affront,

to say nothing of the extreme danger to the civilian. But how to enforce this respect due his uniform, he was entirely at a loss. He knew perfectly well that no Dutch tavern-keeper had a right to call him by his first name, but he did not know how to prevent it when the emergency actually came to pass. However, he felt for his sword, and touched it, drawing himself up to his full height. "I'll have you to understand, sir," he said, "that I am an officer, and I wear a sword."

"And mine vrow, she haf a bodkin, but she don't be proud about it," answered Peter stoutly.

"Very well, sir," said Hiram, boiling over with rage, but trying to be cool and composed. "It is not in the power of a Dutch tavern-keeper to insult an officer and

a gentleman, and I'll thank you for my bill at once, and breakfast, too." And just at this minute Danny Dixon's head appeared at the door, and he saluted Hiram. Danny was a gray-haired old man-of-war's man that was as unhappy on shore, except for an occasional spree, as a pickerel in a graveled walk.

"I come to report, sir, and say the men is ready to be piped up," he said.

Hiram turned pale. Was Danny Dixon to be the witness of his discomfiture by Dutch Peter?

"Now, did you say I was Dootch?" said Peter, advancing angrily, and blowing like a porpoise.

"I did," said Hiram, taking a step forward, and conscious that Danny Dixon's eye, and through him that of every sailor in

the navy, was fixed upon him. "I said you were Dutch, and you are Dutch. You talk Dutch, and you look Dutch; and I wonder somebody hasn't planted you in the ground for a Dutch tulip root before this. You're just the shape of one."

"Vell, den—vell, den," roared Peter, in a rage, "you got no breakfast from me eef you galls me a Dootchman!"

"All right," answered Hiram coolly; "then you get no money for my bill without breakfast."

"Hooray!" chuckled Danny Dixon to himself; "Cap'n Paul Jones hisself couldn't 'a' answered better!"

This turn of affairs evidently staggered Peter. He glared at Hiram for a moment, and then went out, and presently came back grumbling, bringing a very good breakfast.

Hiram, recognizing that he had got the better of the tavern-keeper, sat down at the table, and, pushing his cap back, and clattering his sword tremendously, loftily directed Peter to wait on him. Peter might have rebelled at this, but outside the door, which opened on the broad tavern porch, the sailors were assembled, and Danny Dixon was giving them a highly characteristic account of the whole thing, of which he had heard all.

"Mr. Paulding, he come bearin' down under all sail, and he hails the Dutch lugger, and he says, 'Dang your eyes, why didn't you call me for the morning watch?' —No, he didn't say 'Dang your eyes!' but he oughter. And the lugger was as sassy as you please, and he says, 'It don't make no matter about such a little jolly

boat as you, nohow.' And then Mr. Paulding, he hove to, and lays aboard o' the lugger broadside on, and he says, as bold as Cap'n Paul Jones, 'I'll have you to understand I'm an officer and a gentleman, and when I gives you a taste o' my port battery here'—a-touchin' his sword—'you'll sing out for quarter loud enough.' And that's just what the lugger did. I tell you what, mates, if Mr. Paulding had been aboard o' the Bunnum Richard that 'ere time when I was a powder-monkey—"

A howl of protest from his mates checked Danny's eloquence. But they all agreed that "Mr. Paulding, he done right," and determined to stand by and be ready to make the Dutch lugger haul down his colors in case he should dare to hoist them again. This conversation was perfectly

audible, and while listening to it Peter grew more and more respectful, while Hiram realized, with much satisfaction, that he had twelve good men and true behind him in settling with the Dutch lugger.

It took but a little while to dispose of his breakfast—the men had already had theirs—and then Peter presented his bill. It was not a modest one, and Hiram's pockets were no better lined than might be expected of a boy that had nineteen brothers and sisters. Nevertheless, having plainly got the better of Dutch Peter, he brought out the amount for the bill with a great air of magnanimity, and slapped it down on the table. This promptness and willingness to pay still further increased Peter's respect for the little midshipman, and he

followed him to the door, saying obsequiously:

"Good-by, Mr. Hiram. Good-by."

"Paulding, if you please," answered Hiram haughtily, as he was now on the tavern porch with the sailors, who were ready to take up their bundles and march, and he did not wish to be addressed as "Mr. Hiram" before them. But Peter, obviously misunderstanding him, cried out affably, "Vell, den, good-by, Paulding, if you likes it dot vay!"

Hiram was about to march off, not deigning to notice Dutch Peter any further, but Danny Dixon, who disapproved of Peter from the start, now spoke aside to his mates:

"Mates, jist hear his imperence. Landsmen ain't got no notion o' discipline. I've

seen a man strung up at the yard-arm for less'n that 'ere—"

Meanwhile Hiram had gone down the steps, but hearing a scuffle behind him, he turned and saw Dutch Peter forced down on his knees by Danny's strong arm, while the old sailor bawled at him gruffly:

"Take that 'ere back, you ornsightly Dutch lubber, or me and my mates 'll put a hankercher round your neck and rouse on it until we starts your peepers out o' your head! You pipe up now, 'Mr. Paulding,' as loud as you can hail!" which Peter immediately proceeded to do, yelling at the top of his lungs.

"*Good*-by, Mr. Paulding. Mr. Paulding, *good*-by."

"Let him up, Dixon," cried Hiram, laughing; and Dutch Peter, on being let up,

waddled into the house as fast as his legs would carry him, shaking his fist behind Danny's back.

It was a glorious May morning—the April of colder climates. In the velvet wind there was a faint perfume of the coming leaves, and the branches of the great chestnut trees were full of pale-pink sheaths from which the flowers were bursting. The dogwood trees were already brave in their glory of white blossoms, and over the woods, the fields, and in the keen, bright air was the sweet intoxication of the spring —the time when there seems to be a new heaven and a new earth. Hiram, who was a country boy and knew wood-craft perfectly, was delighted, and drank in the beauty and freshness around him eagerly. He was also a capital walker, and he legged it

so briskly that the sailors, trudging behind him, soon began to puff and blow.

"I tell you what," groaned Jack Brown, one of the younger sailors, "if I could trade these 'ere ten miles between we and Sackett's Harbor for doin' duty night and day for a week, I'd do it cheerful. Lord! if I could shut my eyes and wake up and find myself on the tops'l yard, I'd give a week's grog. Legs weren't made for walkin', nohow — leastways, sailors' legs weren't."

"You're right there," answered Danny Dixon, sighing deeply, "and I don't like the scent o' these 'ere flowers and trees. It kinder sickens me. A whiff o' tar and oakum from the hold would smell mighty good arter these here lubberly flowers and things."

Hiram, not wishing to hear what the

sailors were talking about, struck off ahead. The ten miles were nothing to him; but they were a serious undertaking to sailors unused to marching. So, telling them to follow his wake, he went on at a brisk gait to enjoy the glory of the perfect day. Toward noon he halted, and had to wait nearly an hour for his men to come up. But when they did come up they were so fatigued that Hiram concluded to stop and let them eat the dinner they had brought with them. As he had considered it beneath his dignity to ask Dutch Peter for any luncheon, he was very glad to take a piece of bread and some bacon offered to him by Danny Dixon when Danny saw him sitting at a little distance without anything to eat. As soon as the sailors were through with their dinner, Jack Brown pro-

duced his fiddle, and some of the men, who ten minutes before had been complaining of being walked off their legs, now jumped up and began to dance a hornpipe with all the vigor in the world, while Jack occasionally varied his scraping by shaking a leg himself as he played. Suddenly above the merry music that floated out in the May sunshine, as the sailors gayly footed it, Hiram heard a queer sound. He went forward a little through the trees, and, putting his ear to the ground as he had seen the huntsmen do, listened intently. He had never heard musketry firing in his life; but it is a sound easily distinguishable—and then came at intervals the booming of a solitary big gun. Hiram remembered hearing Colonel Tuthill say the night before that the block-house at Sack-

ett's Harbor was armed with a single long gun. He listened long enough to make sure, and then dashed through the underbrush to his men. "Come on, men," he cried, "they are fighting at Sackett's Harbor! Fighting, understand! Don't you hear the firing?" and at that minute, as the music of the violin suddenly stopped, they all heard distinctly the sullen booming of a heavy gun.

Some of the men who were lying down sprung to their feet in an instant, and as Hiram put out at a cracking pace for the main road, the sailors dropped into a sort of dog trot, and followed right after him. No grumbling or complaining now. The only thing Hiram heard as they dashed ahead was an occasional remark about a chance for prize money, and Danny Dixon's

pious wish that "Cap'n Paul Jones could rise from the grave and take a hand in this 'ere scrimmage."

How Hiram got over the ground he scarcely knew. He was a boy of deep imagination and a born fighter, and he felt instinctively that if he were there he could give a good account of himself. At last they reached a rising ground over which the road passed, and all at once the view burst upon him—the great inland sea of Ontario shimmering in the midday sunlight, the British ships anchored in the harbor, their masts and yards standing out in black distinctness against the brilliant sky, the gunboats fighting close in shore, while amid the clouds of smoke the uniforms of the British gleamed redly. The rattle of musketry, the uproar of fighting,

the sullen booming of the great gun in the block-house could be heard distinctly. Hiram threw his cap up in the air, and with a wild "Hurrah!" started off on a run, the sailors trotting after him.

The harbor was in full sight from the road, and the progress of the fight was plain. After several desperate assaults on the block-house, the British were forced back, step by step, to their gunboats, which now opened fire from their long eighteen-pounders upon the advancing Americans. The ships were rapidly weighing their anchors, and occasionally fired a tremendous but ineffective broadside, but the gunboats were evidently beaten back, and the effort was to get them off with as little loss as possible.

"No prize-money for we, boys," gasped

Jack Brown, "the Britishers is gittin' out o' the way too fast"; and so quickly was this accomplished that when the party, with Hiram still at the head, reached the main street of the straggling village of Sackett's Harbor the fleet was beating out of the harbor, and the only red coats in sight were those lying stark in death around the block-house. As they advanced, all was confusion. General Brown, with his five hundred regulars, had resisted the attack, in spite of the ignominious flight of the American militia and the absence of Commodore Chauncey's fleet, which was at the other end of the lake. Wounded and dying men were being borne by on stretchers as Hiram passed along. Some were groaning and weeping; others bore their agony with silent fortitude; others, again, were too far gone to feel any-

thing. As Hiram made toward the block-house he stumbled over the body of a soldier, lying on his face and clutching his musket tightly. Hiram stooped and tried to raise him, thinking him wounded, but the man was dead, with a frightful wound in his breast. The young midshipman paled a little. He had never seen a dead man before. But he gazed steadily at the soldier as the sailors bore him off, resisting manfully the strong desire he had of looking away.

"This is war," he thought to himself. "An officer must learn to stand its terrible sights without flinching."

While Hiram stood revolving these things in his mind, Colonel Tuthill ran across Danny Dixon, around a corner of the block-house.

"Where did you leave Mr. Paulding?" he asked.

"He's here, sir," answered Danny, touching his cap. "'Twarn't his fault that lubberly Dutchman didn't wake him up till the middle o' the watch. He's a mighty pretty little orficer, Mr. Paulding is, and he's got a good appetite for fightin'. I seen it in his eye."

Hiram heard the last words, and this humble tribute delighted him. He had an instinctive confidence in his own courage, but he was glad to think that the sailors did not doubt it either; and in another minute he was shaking hands with Colonel Tuthill, and asking eagerly about the fight; and Danny Dixon was saying to his mates:

"I tell you, this 'ere 'minds me of the time when I was on the Bunnum Richard, and we sighted the S'rapis—"

III.

WINTER AT SACKETT'S HARBOR.

COMMODORE CHAUNCEY, at the other end of the lake, did not get down to Sackett's Harbor with his squadron until the British had done all the harm they could and had decamped. But as soon as the ship bearing the commodore's broad pennant came to anchor in the harbor, Hiram put off in a small boat, and reported on board.

The first thing Hiram noticed now was that he had changed his name. Instead of being simply "Hiram" to his companions, he was "Paulding" to the other midshipmen in the squadron, and "Mr. Paulding" to his superiors and inferiors. Both officers and men were much needed by Commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario, but

greater still was the need on Lake Champlain, where the immortal Macdonough was building the fleet that was to fight the greatest naval battle of the war; and in a few weeks after joining Commodore Chauncey, Paulding was transferred to Commodore Macdonough's flag-ship, on Lake Champlain. And, as before, he had a detachment of sailors to take along with him. Among them was Danny Dixon, whose reminiscences of Cap'n Paul Jones grew more startling and verbose at every repetition.

It was a hard march through a savage wilderness, but Paulding was a genuine country boy, and was used to woods and marshes. Although only a very little midshipman, he set his men an example of endurance and fortitude that was of great

value to him in earning their respect. He could not teach them to march well—sailors being constitutionally opposed to any sort of progression on dry land—but he knew the best way to take, the best time to march, and the best places to stop. He was also lucky enough to have Jack Brown and his fiddle along, which enlivened many a tiresome day's journey. The fiddle and Cap'n Paul Jones were kept pretty constantly on duty by Jack Brown and Danny Dixon, and Paulding enjoyed both as much as the sailors did. Danny at the start approached Paulding gravely with what he called a ree-quest:

"Mr. Paulding, sir, I got a ree-quest to make of you. 'Tain't ornlikely that, bein' so far away from the sea, and havin' to sleep stationary, and not bein' able to count

on grog reg'lar, and not havin' no bo's'n to dang my eyes for not bein' smart at my duty—'tain't ornlikely, I say, Mr. Paulding, that I may slip my cable in these here lubberly woods—and my ree-quest is that you'll make the men carry my carcass and bury me in blue water, sir. I ain't never counted on bein' planted on dry land, and it do seem hard that a man that was a powder-monkey aboard o' the Bunnum Richard, and seen Cap'n Paul Jones when he throwed his pistil at the head of the British traitor that started to haul down the colors, it do seem hard if I can't be took out and dropped into about thirty fathom of water. Thirty 'll do, Mr. Paulding."

"All right, Dixon," said the little midshipman, laughing merrily, "but I think you are as likely to hold out as any of us."

"I dunno about that, sir," answered Danny, shaking his head dolefully. "It's mighty hard on a man never to hear no bo's'n cussin' at him, pleasant and sailor-like, and havin' all the room he wants to sleep in, and to be dreadful onsartin about his grog; and when I goes to sleep for good, I wants it to be in blue water, where poor Jack can lay easy and restful, sir. The blue water is poor Jack's home, arter all. No turnin' out o' cold nights for his watch, and bein' half froze afore his relief comes. No goin' aloft when the ship seems to be pitchin' to her death and the wind is howlin' like a thousand wolves arter a sailor's life. No more sayin' good-by to his wife or his girl when it tears his heart like a sunken rock sometimes tears a ship's bottom out. And when a poor sailor is

let down into blue water his troubles is all over, and his mates ought to sing out 'All's well!'"

Paulding made the promise, much to Danny's relief; but Danny was as much alive as anybody when they actually reached blue water.

The day that Paulding first saw Commodore Macdonough he marked with a white stone. Although called Commodore, Macdonough was really only a captain, and at that time was but twenty-seven years old. He was tall and slight, and the wasting consumption which robbed his country of his pure and noble life not many years afterward, already showed in his pallid face. He was as gentle as a woman, and no rude or profane word was ever heard from his lips. But this was the man

who had taken an impressed seaman bodily out of the boat of a British line-of-battle ship under her very guns; and when the British captain threatened to blow the little American sloop-of-war out of the water for it, had replied undauntedly: "You are no doubt fully able to do so; but I will never give up this man as long as my ship will float."

Earlier than that, when a sixteen-year-old midshipman, he was one of the heroic company which destroyed the captured Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli; and when Decatur, the commander of the expedition, sprang into the fore-chains of the doomed frigate, Macdonough was close by his side, and was one of the first to set foot on the deck.

The mere presence of such a man was

inspiring. He was confronted by the tremendous problem of creating a navy in a wilderness. Guns, stores, provisions, tools, had to be transported hundreds of miles through almost impassable and trackless woods. The forests surrounding Lake Champlain furnished nothing but ship timber. Fortunately, good workmen were plentiful, and American ingenuity supplied the lack of many things that had heretofore been considered essential. On the British side of the lake, a brave and skillful enemy was hard at work, also building ships to decide the supremacy of the great inland sea, but with some resources that Macdonough had not, and practically the British were much nearer their base of supplies. More than that, their ships were to be manned with picked men, taken from

British ships at Quebec, while Macdonough had to depend upon a few regular man-of-war's men, who were the nucleus around which he collected what proved to be a fine body of seamen, nearly every one of whom was American born. Commodore Macdonough was but scantily supplied with officers, and the first thing Paulding knew he was performing a lieutenant's duties, although only a midshipman. In those days there was no naval academy to train young officers in their profession—it had to be learned in the hard school of actual experience. And here was a chance to learn everything. Commodore Macdonough had to prepare to face the most formidable enemy in the world, and right worthily did he meet this extraordinary emergency. The keel of the Saratoga, a corvette carrying

twenty-six guns, was laid in the autumn, and to match this, the British were building a frigate, the Confiance, nearly twice as large, and carrying thirty-six guns. Besides the Saratoga, the Americans had the Eagle, a brig which was so rapidly constructed that she was put in the water nineteen days after her keel had been cut in the woods. They had also the Preble and Ticonderoga, sloops-of-war. Paulding was attached to the Ticonderoga, and to be attached to a ship meant to work night and day to get her in condition to fight. Her commander, Lieutenant Cassin, was an officer after Macdonough's own heart, and worthy to serve under this great seaman and pure and perfect man. The commodore himself set the fashion of work, and might be seen every day laboring with his own hands, as well

as supervising and overlooking everything. Such an example could not be wasted on a boy like Hiram Paulding.

As soon as the ships were afloat and rigged, the men were daily exercised with the sails, and learned to work ship with the greatest expertness. They were constantly drilled at the guns, and the rapidity and accuracy of their fire nobly maintained the reputation of the American gunners. It was said they could handle a long twenty-four pounder like a musket, and were so thoroughly well instructed that any member of a gun's crew could act as captain of the gun in an emergency. This was quite different from the British, whom a long course of victory had made careless, and it was sometimes said that if a gun captain

were killed, his piece was rendered useless.

For Paulding, busy with patriotic work, with duties usually beyond those of his age and rank to perform, the winter of 1813–'14 passed quickly. There were few diversions—they were almost cut off from civilization—and besides there was no time for them. But all were cheerful and had that entire confidence in their young commodore that is half the victory in a contest such as they were waging—a contest of skill in preparing for a contest of arms. There was but little bitterness of feeling between the rival forces, and the American sailors sent the British tars a challenge which said: "We will meet you and fight you, and then shake hands and be friends."

The men, though, had their own rough amusements. Chief of these was cock-fighting, and great rivalry existed between the sailors and the marines in the matter. Danny Dixon took the lead in this, and managed by hook or by crook to capture the marines' best bird, which he kept in a coop on board the Ticonderoga, where Danny held the proud position of bo's'n's mate. He, of course, named the bird Cap'n Paul Jones. The identity of this victorious bird was disputed. When Captain Cassin was called upon to hear the testimony, the marines all swore in a body the bird was theirs. The sailors, on the contrary, collectively and individually swore the bird belonged to them. In the absence of proof on either side, and as there were more sailors than marines, Captain Cassin decided

that Cap'n Paul Jones belonged to the sailors.

"In course," sniffed Danny scornfully; "think o' them plowmen and haymakers a-darin' to own a bird named arter Cap'n Paul Jones! Lord! them marines is got the imperence o' the devil!"

Danny, being likewise captain of one of the quarter-deck guns, named the gun also Cap'n Paul Jones; but in this case the great sailor became a she, and Paulding, who had charge of this section, was regaled with many wonderful accounts of what "Cap'n Paul Jones, she done it, sir." The gun was worked with marvelous precision, and did no discredit to the mighty commander of the Bon Homme Richard.

IV.

AND A SAILOR HE WOULD BE.

In the long winter days and longer winter evenings, spent in the rude quarters of the officers on shore, before the ships were ready, a great change came over Paulding. From a landsman he became a sailor. The country sports and tastes in which he once delighted no longer had any charm for him. He was haunted by a passionate longing for the sea, and he had an eager and intense desire to find himself abroad upon the wide ocean, with only the oaken keel of a staunch man-of-war between him and blue water. He studied earnestly the few books on seamanship that he could get hold of. In the multitude of duties there was no time for the regular instruction of the midship-

men, many of whom were as lately joined as Paulding, and they had to pick up what they could from the older officers. All, however, were zealous and anxious to learn, and this, with their attention to duty, developed in them a surprising efficiency when the time came that their services were needed. Paulding found that among the older and more intelligent sailors there was a vast fund of practical information to be got at, and he succeeded in mastering a great deal of this, especially through Danny Dixon. Now, although Danny never mentioned any achievement of his life except the ever-memorable one, when he was a powder-monkey on board the Bon Homme Richard, this last was the most insignificant event of his whole career before the mast. His experiences dated back to the naval

duels with French ships in the *quasi*-war of 1799, and he had been in all the splendid actions before Tripoli, besides several dashing engagements during the present war. He had won great praise from his superiors on more than one occasion, to say nothing of a snug sum of prize money. But Danny regarded his part in these as perfectly trivial and uninteresting, and rested his whole claim to distinction upon his passing the powder up, when the immortal Paul Jones fought his ship as no other ship was ever fought before or since. Danny grudgingly admitted, when hard pressed by Paulding, that "Cap'n Truxtun, he done right well with them French ships"; and "Cap'n Decatur, he didn't show no white feather afore Tripoli"; and "Cap'n Hull and Cap'n Lawrence, they acted seaman-like"; but any

comparison between his own exploits on these occasions, and the famous fight of the Bon Homme Richard, always irritated him extremely.

"Now, Mr. Paulding," Danny would say with an air of great vexation, "whatever do you want to hear, sir, about them Frenchmen on the Insurgent for? Not that I'm a-sayin' the Frenchmen didn't fight like good 'uns, but when a 'Merican fights he wants to fight a Johnny Bull—not a Johnny Crapaud. Ain't you never heard, sir,

> "One Frenchman can whip two Portygee,
> One Englishman can whip all three?"

The two were sitting in a warm corner of the rough ship house under which the Ticonderoga was being built, and the only light that pierced the gloom of the great

Paulding and Danny.

interior was from a ship's lantern hung against the vessel's side. Paulding was sprawled, boy fashion, over one of the long guns intended for the ship's armament, which was temporarily housed there, while Danny sat, with his hands on his knees, on a cask turned bottom upward.

"Yes, I've heard that, Dixon," answered Paulding in a wheedling voice; "but it seems to me that what you actually saw of the Constellation and L'Insurgente fight was more interesting, because you were in the thick of it, while on the Bon Homme Richard you were nothing but a powder-monkey; and you couldn't know much or see much, or do much, in your position—I mean, in comparison with being a gun captain, as you were on the Constellation, and firing your gun twenty-seven times."

At this slur upon his earlier achievements Danny's face was a perfect picture of disgust. His eyes rolled around in horror and despair, and he literally gasped for breath.

"Mr. Paulding, sir—Mr. Paulding—O Lord! O Lord!" groaned Danny; and then, his feelings being entirely too much for him, he started up and began to waddle around the ship house, hitching up his trousers indignantly, while he indulged in a sailor's growl. All this amused the little midshipman very much, who sat laughing to himself and kicking his heels against the gun.

"Now, ain't this the roughest I ever see!" complained Danny, bitterly soliloquizing. "Comparin' a powder-monkey aboard the Bunnum Richard to a gun cap'n

that fired his gun a matter o' twenty or thirty times on the Constellation! May I never see grog ag'in, if I hadn't ruther been a cook's boy aboard o' the Bunnum Richard than a master's mate on the Constellation! And I thinks more on a handy billy aboard o' the Bunnum Richard than the Constellation's mainmast! Not that Cap'n Truxtun warn't a mighty good cap'n, but CAP'N—PAUL—JONES!"

Here Danny's emotions entirely overcame him, and he ran his hands violently through his hair, kicked the unoffending cask over, and then righting it, plumped down angrily on it, much to Paulding's enjoyment.

"But, Dixon," cried Paulding, still laughing, "didn't Captain Truxtun himself compliment you on the way you worked your

gun, and give you a handsome pipe for keeping your finger on the touch-hole when the blood was pouring from a musket-ball wound in your arm?"

"Well, yes, he did, Mr. Paulding—and I got that 'ere pipe now in my ditty-box, and I smokes it every 9th o' February—that was the day we licked the Insurgent. But if I had took my finger away we would 'a' lost that shot sure, and that was the one that done for the Insurgent's mizzen riggin', and cut the mast off short besides. But my arm didn't hurt much, Mr. Paulding. French bullets somehow don't tickle like British ones; and it seems to me that bullet didn't hurt near as much as that 'ere whack I got over the head with a broom from a cabin-boy on the S'rapis."

Paulding laughed more than ever at

this, but Danny was perfectly serious, and thought it no laughing matter. Pretty soon, though, Paulding had got him to begin, and Danny condescended to be coaxed into a communicative frame of mind.

"Well, sir, since you takes such a interest in little spats like that 'ere one with the Insurgent, Mr. Paulding, I'll tell you all I knows. The Constellation was a mighty good ship—I ain't never see such scantling as was in her, except in the Constitution—and we couldn't help shootin' good, 'cause Cap'n Truxtun, he give us target practice till our arms was most wored off at the stumps. One o' them little reefers—beg your parding, sir, one o' them midshipmites—would take a target about as big as he were hisself—and there warn't very big reefers neither on the Constellation—and put it

about a mile from the ship. Then the cap'n would come on deck, and he would say, 'Now, my men, for every shot you put in that 'ere target you shall have a pound o' 'backy.' Well, sir, it's strange how that pound o' 'backy improved our eyesight. We'd p'int that gun, and seemed like we couldn't miss the target if we tried. So when the time come, and we had a great big forty-four-gun frigate for a target, why, Mr. Paulding, anybody that can't hit a forty-four about half a cable's length off, ain't no gunner. Why, jest look at Cap'n Paul—"

"But what did you do when you first sighted L'Insurgente?" asked the little midshipman, adroitly heading Danny off on the subject of Captain Paul Jones.

V.

DANNY DIXON'S YARN.

"WELL, sir," began Danny, cutting a quid of tobacco preparatory to starting in with his yarn, "we was cruisin' on the West India station, and keepin' a sharp lookout for the Insurgent, knowin' she was in them parts. She was a crack frigate; we had done heard in the fok'sle that she were the fastest frigate in the world, and her cap'n were a sailor, sure enough, if he were a Frenchman. Cap'n Barreault were his name, and he handled his ship like a seaman, he did. 'Twas 'long about the fust part o' February—and that's a warm time down there—and one arternoon, about the middle o' the watch, we seen a sail, and 'twarn't five minutes afore we knowed it was

a frigate. Now, the officers was countin' on fallin' in with the Insurgent, but the United States was on that station, and it was gittin' to be time for us to rondayvoo at St. Kitt's, and the States were a forty-four, too. So you see, sir, although the sun was shinin' bright, and we weren't fur off, we couldn't tell which it were, till we got close enough to make out her colors. You oughter seen them officers spyin' and tryin' to make her out. 'Twas the fust chance for a fight at sea since Cap'n Paul Jones's war, but I ain't never see men go into a fight more cheerfuller nor the Constellation's men. All they asked was to git alongside, and Cap'n Truxtun warn't the man to balk 'em. If ever a French ship jist backed her topsails at Cap'n Tommy Truxtun, that were enough, she could git all the fightin' she

wanted. Well, we was to windward of the sail, whatsomdever she might be, and comin' down fast, for the Constellation could wing it like a bird in them days, and the stranger was a-waitin' for her. Now, 'twas a right gallant thing for the Frenchman to tackle us so ready, for, although the Insurgent were a crack ship, she didn't have nothin' but long twelves to our twenty-fours. It's true our twenty-four pounders was as much too heavy for the Constellation as the twelve pounders was too light for the Insurgent. But, all the same, we had the most metal, and the Frenchman knowed it, but that didn't keep him from waitin' for us on a easy bow line. We warn't no readier to fight nor he were. But when we was tryin' to make her out—Lord! Mr. Paulding, if she hadn't turned out to be a French-

man I b'lieve two or three o' them little reefers—beg your parding, sir—would 'a' laid down on deck and died 'o disapp'intment. Cap'n Truxtun, he glued his glass to his eye, and when the Insurgent run up 'Merican colors he looked mighty blue, and you oughter heard them officers cussin' under their breaths. But Cap'n Truxtun, he says: 'Wait a while, gentlemen, may be he's tryin' to draw us on. We'll show him the private signal.'

"We sent up the private signal, and you could 'a heard a pin drop on the Constellation's decks while we was watchin' if the stranger could answer it. But, arter waitin' about five minutes, the 'Merican colors begins to come down, amazin' slow—oh, the Frenchman was full o' fight—and then Cap'n Truxtun says to his fust leftenant, with a grin:

"'Mr. Rodgers, she can't answer the private signal!'

"'Hooray!' says Mr. Rodgers, wavin' his cap.

"Lord! Lord! Them little reefers was a sight to see! You'd 'a' thought they was goin' to a party, the way they run below fust chance they had and got theirselves up in their best togs. That's a cur'us thing about reefers—they allers puts on their good clo'es for a fight, while the leftenants puts on any old duds they happens to have. But the reefers seems to think they must git out clean white pocket-hankerchers and put bear's grease on their hair afore they're in fightin' trim. The men allers winks at each other—beg your parding, sir—when the little reefers makes a excuse to go below and comes up agin, all spick and

span. But Cap'n Truxtun, he did thataway too, and whenever he went into a fight he looked like he was a-goin' to his own weddin', he was so shaved up, and hair laid out reg'lar, and he smilin' like a May mornin'.

"It didn't take us no time at all hardly to furl to'-gallant sails, stow all our light staysails and flying jib, haul up our courses and send down our royal yards, and clear for action. We didn't have none too much time neither, for as soon as the Insurgent seen we was bent on mischief, she hoisted her ensign and come by the wind, close hauled, and we heard her drums beat to quarters. But clearin' for action for exercise, and clearin' for action with a great big forty-four-gun frigate grinnin' at you, is mighty different things, Mr. Paulding. Well,

sir, afore we was called to quarters I slipped below and went to my ditty-box and took out that 'ere scrap o' the Bunnum Richard's flag that I've carried for thirty year—"

Here Danny paused. Paulding felt no disposition to laugh at him then. His rough voice grew solemn, his eyes, set far back under his shaggy brows, burned with a strange light. That scrap of the flag meant duty, honor, and all manliness to his simple soul. After a moment he continued: "And I put it in the bosom of my shirt, for I says to myself: 'I can do my duty, I knows, but if I've got a piece o' the flag that floated over Cap'n Paul Jones when he fought the S'rapis, I'll be wuth ten men; and if I sleeps in blue water this night, why I'll sleep the sweeter for havin' this scrap o' flag on my breast.' And, Mr. Paulding, I dunno but

what 'twas that scrap that kep' my finger on the touch-hole when that durned musket ball hit my arm; for, Mr. Paulding, it did hurt some, though not so bad as that whack over the head the cabin-boy on the S'rapis give me with the ward-room broom. But I thought to myself, 'Mr. Dixon, sir, you have fought on the Bunnum Richard, and if you flunks now 'cause a durned musket ball breaks your arm, a pretty report you'll have to give in the next world when you are called upon to state as how you've did your duty; and Cap'n Paul Jones 'll be there to hear'; so I kep' my finger there, though it did hurt some, I'll allow that, sir.

"When the drums beat to quarters, it were a race between officers and men which should git to quarters fust. The men took hold of the gun tackles and hauled away

so hard that the cap'n, who was passin' along, says, smilin': 'Easy, men, easy. We are not goin' to jerk these guns through the ship's side. We're simply goin' to fight 'em.'

"The Frenchman had bore up and run off then, firin' a gun to windward—and, Mr. Paulding, that signifies in sailor language, 'Come on, and be hanged to you!' For answer we give 'em a cheer and the officers waved their caps; and then we set our main to'-gallant sail and foresail to git alongside. Pretty soon we had doubled on his quarter. We hadn't fired a gun, and no more had he, excep' that challenge shot, but when she was about half a cable's length off, we give her our broadside. Lord! she was the best target we ever had! But afore the smoke cleared away she give us her broadside back—and seemed to me as her

whole maindeck battery was fired like one gun. It played the mischief with our riggin', that 'ere one did—and the foretopmast was splintered. Mr. David Porter was the officer in the foretop, and he hailed the deck to report the damage. But by that time the fight was on, sure as a gun, and the racket was so loud that nobody on deck couldn't hear nothin' from aloft. There's a kind o' awful music in a battle, Mr. Paulding. It makes a man feel a man all over, and when the bugler pipes up, and the men turns their eyes on their officers and sees 'em so ready to lead aboard a enemy, it do a sailor's heart good. The men likes a officer that can look Death in the eye, and advance upon him, Mr. Paulding. But to git back to the Insurgent. The Johnny Crapauds is monstrous good gunners, and

the way they played that maindeck battery were a caution. Ef their metal had been heavier I don't know as I'd be a-settin' here now, spinnin' you this yarn, Mr. Paulding.

"Well, Mr. Porter, he hailed and he waited for a answer; and he hailed and he waited for a answer; and he hailed and he didn't git no answer; so then he give orders on his own hook to cut away the stoppers and lower the yard; and if it hadn't been for that, the topmast would 'a' gone by the board, and all the men in the hamper. The Frenchman was tryin' to move up closer, so as to board; for as long as it were gun for gun, we was heavier; but he had a fust-class crew, and the Frenchies likes to board. They've got a ree-diklous sort o' yell like callin' a woman's name when they wants to board.

They bawls out: 'Oh, Libby Dodge! Oh, Libby Dodge!' When they calls on Libby Dodge, that's a sign they wants to board.

"What are you laughin' at, Mr. Paulding?"

"Nothing!" cried the little midshipman, laughing uproariously, and rolling over in his delight. He knew a little French, and Danny's interpretation of the French sailor's cry of "*À l'abordage! À l'abordage!*" tickled him immensely.

This remarkable conduct rather nettled Danny, who relapsed into an offended silence, until Paulding managed to explain, between bursts of laughter, that it seemed so very funny that the Frenchman should call for Libby Dodge when they wanted to be led aboard of an enemy.

"That's so, Mr. Paulding," answered Danny, recovering his good-humor. "It do seem strange—and I ain't never found out what she ever done for 'em, that they should be so almighty fond of her.

"Howsomedever, it was about that time that the musket ball hit me. The Insurgent was most stationary then, as the Constellation had fell back and took all the wind out o' the Frenchman's sails; and when the ball come, ping! pang! I thought it were a pity to spile a good shot for a little thing like that 'ere, cause our gun p'inted right straight at the mizzen riggin' —and I held on, and the men let her go, and then I wrapped my arm up, and 'twas most as much use to me as afore.

"You see, Mr. Paulding, we hadn't no

object in closin'. We was hullin' the Frenchman at every round, and no matter how he manouvied, he couldn't git in a rakin' position. He tried to forereach, but the Constellation wore round, and, haulin' athwart the Frenchman's stern, she give him three o' the rakingest broadsides as ever was fired. You never see such destruction, Mr. Paulding. His mizzen mast was gone, and the riggin' jest hangin' over his lee into the water, the foremast was shot away, and if the backstays had give way, the mainmast would 'a' gone too. Some o' the guns was splintered at the muzzles, and there warn't a ensign left, excep' one that the Frenchies nailed to the stump of the foremast. But they was plucky enough, and kep' a-yellin' for Libby Dodge, though the decks was full o'

wounded men, and we made it so hot for 'em that they couldn't hardly work the guns that was left. Them three last broadsides done for 'em. The Constellation come up to the wind—a gale was risin' then, though the cannonadin' gin'ally deadens the wind—and takin' a position abeam of the Insurgent was about to give her one last broadside, when she struck. Cap'n Barreault had fought his ship brave and seamanlike, and hadn't struck his colors till he was riddled and dismasted, and couldn't bring a gun to bear.

"Then the Constellation hauled aboard her tacks and run off a little to git out o' the smoke that was thicker'n any smoke you ever see.

"When the French cap'n come aboard and offered Cap'n Truxtun his sword, the

cap'n says: 'Keep your sword, sir, as a evidence how you fought your ship,' and the men all cheered him. That seemed to do the Frenchies a heap o' good. They're great on cheerin' and politeness and sich.

"Well, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Porter was sent aboard o' the Insurgent with eleven men, an' I was one of 'em. In the cornfusion they didn't notice my arm was bound up, and the surgeons was too busy with the poor fellers that was hurt bad to bother with a man walkin' round on his two legs. We begun takin' the prisoners off, but all the time the wind was risin' most uncommon; and though 'twarn't near night, it grew dark. At last we had to give up gittin' any more prisoners on the Constellation and look out

for ourselves—and a bad way we was in with that poor frigate. The Constellation signaled us to keep in company, but that's easier said nor done with a norther' comin' down on you. We had a hundred and seventy-three Frenchmen aboard still, and to manage a frigate that didn't have none o' her runnin' riggin' left, and only the mainmast, and that was shaky, and her hull full o' holes. But Mr. Rodgers, he rigged up jury masts, and the carpenters nailed some plankin' over the sides, and we prepared as well as we was able to weather the gale. The Frenchmen had throwed the gratings overboard afore we could prevent 'em, and there warn't no handcuffs in the ship. They looked mighty ugly. and when Mr. Rodgers ordered 'em all below at the p'int o' his pistil, they be-

gun to grind their teeth and growl. But all the firearms aboard was stacked up on deck, and there was one small gun amidships that moved on a pivot, and it was trained right on the prisoners. So they went below arter they had grumbled some. Then Mr. Rodgers, he stationed a man armed to the teeth at each hatchway, and he sent down plenty o' provisions to the Frenchies, and 'backy to keep 'em busy, and by that time it was blowin' a livin' gale.

"Mr. Paulding, we was two days and a half in that gale. Fortunate, it was blowin' us straight on to St. Kitts, where we was to rondayvoo, but I thought every minute we was goin' to the bottom. The mainmast and the jury masts we had rigged up warn't strong enough to make much sail on, but

every time a lull come and we tried to make any it was blowed out o' the bolt ropes. I don't believe none of us ever expected to see land ag'in, but whenever we looked at them two young officers they was always smilin' and sayin', 'Well, men, there'll be a lot of prize money to divide for this.' That kinder cheered us up when we was almost on our last legs with work and want o' sleep. They give us the cabin stores, and they sent the rest to the prisoners, jest to keep their minds off what was goin' on above, and that helped to keep 'em quiet; but they told the Frenchies, if ever a head was showed near that hatchway there was a man to shoot it off, and there was that gun on a pivot p'inted straight at the main hatchway. So arter two days and a half o' rollin' and pitch-

in', and the sea and sky so black you'd 'a' thought the sun never was a-goin' to shine no more, it fell smooth, with a nice breeze from the northwest, that jest sent us scuddin' into St. Kitts. It was on the third mornin' that we stood in the harbor under all the sail we could make, which warn't much. But there was the Constellation at anchor, lookin' as fresh and trim as if she had jest come out o' dry dock. There warn't a crack on a single spar, and the deck had all been cleaned up, and her brass-work was shinin', and she looked like a yacht. But, Lord! what did the Insurgent look like! A old hulk! Howsomdever, the Constellation was mighty glad to see us when we ranged up alongside, and the men manned the yards without orders when Mr. Rodgers went aboard to report. Fact

is, Mr. Paulding, it warn't a bad fight. In course, 'twarn't like the Bunnum Richard, but I do say that Cap'n Truxtun was fittin' to be at least a master under Cap'n Paul Jones, and the Constellation would 'a' made a very smart tender to the Bunnum Richard. But don't you go for to think, Mr. Paulding, that any service I ever seed is a patch on what I seed when I passed the powder up on the Bunnum Richard; and if ever I axes for a pension in my old age, 'twill be for what I done thirty year ago, and for that awful whack the cabin-boy give me with the broom; and it won't be for none o' them little scrimmages I been in since, where nobody ain't done nothin' extryordinary as I knows on, Mr. Paulding."

"*I* think it was a mighty pretty fight,

Dixon," said the little midshipman meditatively.

"You warn't on the Bunnum Richard, Mr. Paulding," was Danny's crushing reply.

VI.

UNDER FIRE.

WITH the opening of spring, work redoubled on the ships. The British were not much better prepared than the Americans, and it was perfectly well understood that neither side would be in a condition to make a struggle for the supremacy of the lake until late in the summer. Meanwhile, the crews were constantly exercised on board such of the vessels as were afloat, and a large force of gunboats was being constructed to help them. It was known that an attack was to be made both by land and sea, and the British, having let the war drag on, because of the gigantic struggle in Europe, now found themselves, by the abdication of Napoleon, able to turn their serious

attention to affairs on this side. General Sir George Prevost, with an army of eleven thousand men, was ready to assist Captain Downie, the English naval commander on Lake Champlain, and early in September the movement of the land forces began. The Americans had about two thousand men under General Macomb to meet them; but the question was to be decided by the fleets, not by the armies. In skill and enterprise, and all that goes to make up an ideal naval officer, the British commander, Captain Downie, was a worthy antagonist for the young American commodore.

Early in September, 1814, everything being in readiness, Commodore Macdonough hoisted his broad pennant on the Saratoga, and with the Ticonderoga, the Preble, and the Eagle, besides ten gunboats, made

sail for Plattsburg harbor, where he determined to await the British squadron. The British army was marching along the border of the lake, trying by forced marches to reach Plattsburg before the American squadron—the progress of the ships being necessarily slow on account of the gunboats.

The night of the 9th of September was black and tempestuous. A heavy northwest gale came up, and fierce gusts of rain and mist swept stormily across the freshwater sea. The moon was hid, but occasionally, as the clouds scudded across the troubled sky, a pale and ghastly glare made the surrounding darkness more visible. The American ships, close hauled, and with extra lookouts, made their way slowly and cautiously up the lake. Every commander was on the bridge of his ship, and Com-

modore Macdonough, night-glass in hand, paced the deck of the Saratoga.

The gunboats were particularly troublesome in the heavy sea, and to the Ticonderoga, as the sternmost of the ships, was given the duty of looking out for these rickety craft. The lights of the British encampment for the night were plainly visible on shore, and as the troops carried a flotilla of boats along with them, any gunboat left behind was likely to fare badly. About eight o'clock, just as the dense darkness preceding a squall had descended upon the bosom of the water, and when the gale had begun to roar, Captain Cassin saw that one of the gunboats was lagging behind, and in a few moments she sent up a signal that she was hard aground. Captain Cassin at once ordered the cutter

Hiram Paulding, Lieutenant U. S. N.

(From the original miniature in the possession of the family.)

to be hoisted out, and signaled for the cutters of the Saratoga and Eagle, just ahead of him. To Paulding, acting-lieutenant, although but a sixteen-year-old midshipman, the command was given; and the difficulties and dangers in the way were enhanced by observing that the British had discerned the unfortunate boat's plight. Lights were moving about on shore, and their small boats were being manned to attack the helpless gunboat. The wind was blowing hard off shore, and thereby greatly to the advantage of the British.

It did not take a minute for the men to drop silently and rapidly into the boat, and, as Paulding stepped over the side to join them, Captain Cassin spoke:

"Mr. Paulding," said he, "I have but one order to give. Get that gunboat off,

and bring her up as quickly as you can."

"I will do my best, sir," was Paulding's reply; and the next minute, the cutter shot out into the blackness of the night, and was joined by the boats from two of the other ships. The British by that time were in their boats, pulling for the stranded gun-boat, and from the shore there suddenly rang out in the darkness a sharp musketry fire; but not a shot struck the boats as the men bent to their oars in the teeth of the gale. Paulding, himself steering the first cutter, remembered having often heard it said that the first time a man is under fire he is apt to feel queer; but he felt no sensation of fear, but rather a contempt of the danger before him. As they neared the boat, the musketry fire began to get rather

hot, and it became a trying ordeal for men to advance steadily under it without returning a shot. But every man in the boat was a native-born American, and there was no flinching.

The wind, which helped the British, was dead against the Americans. Nevertheless, before the British reached the gunboat, Paulding had got between her and the shore, and, with the one twelve-pound carronade with which the cutter was armed, prepared to keep the British at bay until the other cutters could pull the unlucky gunboat off.

As soon as the cutters neared her, a hawser was passed aboard, her one gun was shifted astern, and the men began hauling with a will. The gunboat moved slightly at the first pull, but it was fifteen

minutes before she finally swung off. Meanwhile the British boats, seeing that the gunboat was likely to escape, turned their attention to Paulding's cutter and concentrated their fire upon her. Paulding gallantly withstood the attack, and with his own hand sighted the carronade that sent a shot screaming over the water and crashed into the first British boat. A cry went up in the darkness, and the second and third boats came up to sustain it. The carronade was at once reloaded, and Paulding, watching until the light on the boat showed that it was rising the waves, sighted the gun again and fired. By the confusion evident in the boat, some damage was done. But it continued to advance pluckily. The third boat now pulled ahead rapidly, and it was evident that the object

was to cut off Paulding's cutter from the rest of the American force. However, a few long sweeps of the oars brought him too near the gunboat for his flank to be turned. But the British boats advanced boldly, still concentrating their fire on the cutter. Although the wind and darkness, and the pitching of the boats, made their fire rather ineffective, it soon became pretty hot. Danny Dixon, who was acting as coxswain, suddenly put his hand to his head, but took it down the next minute, carrying his new glazed hat with a big bullet-hole in it.

"Jest look at my hat, Mr. Paulding," he said in a complaining voice. "Them Johnny Bulls has ruined it. Now, what am I goin' to do for a hat, I'd like to know?"

169173

Just at that moment two men dropped silently in the bottom of the boat. One was a young sailor, about Paulding's age. He never spoke again; but the other was Jack Brown, who, with one arm frightfully shattered by a musket-ball, managed to gasp out:

"'Tain't my bow-arm, mates!"

Suddenly, through the roar of the wind and the rain and the rattle of the musketry, Paulding heard a cheer. The gunboat had floated clear, and the cutters were towing her off fast in the direction of the ships. That cheer re-echoed in Paulding's heart. "They're safe!" he cried. "Now, pull away, men, for your lives!"

The sailors gave way with a will, and in a quarter of an hour Paulding hailed the Ticonderoga. Captain Cassin, leaning

over the rail, watched anxiously for the boat's return, and, as Paulding sprang over the side, lent him a hand.

"Well done, Mr. Paulding—well done," he cried, and the next moment the wounded were brought carefully up.

"Never mind, my brave fellows," said Captain Cassin. "Your country shall hear of this night's work"—to which Jack Brown replied with a faint "Hurrah!"

Then the boats were hoisted in, and the squadron resumed its slow and cautious passage up the lake.

The next day the storm had abated, and the ships came to anchor in Plattsburg harbor.

VII.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Sunday Morning, September 11, 1814. —In the pale gray of early dawn, every officer and man on the American squadron was up and stirring. The water was smooth, and, as the long lances of light pierced the opaline sky, the lake turned from black to dark green, and from dark green to a beautiful steely blue. The blush of dawn flooded sea and sky and ships with a rosy and enchanted light. The hulls stood out boldly in dark relief, and the masts and yards were tipped with the glory of the coming day. And presently a sunny radiance burst upon the water and turned it to molten gold, and at the same instant every ship in the squadron flung out an

ensign from every masthead, and the merry wind flaunted them bravely in the face of the sun. The day of battle was at hand.

The ships were ranged in that beautiful order suggested by Commodore Macdonough's genius. The Saratoga, blazing with bunting from rail to maintruck, was in the middle of the line. Ahead of her was ranged the gun-brig Eagle, supported by two gunboats. She had shoal water on her beam; and thus Commodore Macdonough's flank was secure. The Saratoga was supported by three gunboats. The sloop-of-war Ticonderoga—Paulding's ship—came next, with three more gunboats; while the Preble, with the remaining two gunboats, had the rear of the line. All four of the large vessels were riding easily at anchor, and all of them were provided

with springs and kedges, a precaution which was of inestimable value on this great day. The admirable arrangement of the American vessels forced the British fleet — no matter what quarter the wind was from —to come down "bows on"—a bold and dashing method of approach, but extremely dangerous against a skillful enemy.

On board the Ticonderoga by daylight all was the cheerful bustle and alacrity which precedes a sea-fight; for sailors go into a battle as if it were a roaring lark. Captain Cassin had received his last orders from Commodore Macdonough, and was back on his ship by the time the men were piped to breakfast. It had been suggested to Commodore Macdonough that an extra allowance of grog should be issued to the men; but this he refused. "No,"

he said, "my men shall go cool into action. They need no stimulant beyond their native valor." This was reported to the men, who wanted their extra grog, but who good-naturedly accepted the condition of affairs. Paulding was in command of the second division of the quarter-deck guns, and Danny Dixon was under him. Danny was in his glory. The deck had been cleared for action, but Paulding, on making his last round of examination, discovered a small chicken-coop, hidden almost under the lee of "Cap'n Paul Jones," Danny's redoubtable gun.

"What's this?" asked Paulding.

"Why, Mr. Paulding," said Danny, apologetically, and fumbling with his cap, "this 'ere coop has got Cap'n Paul Jones in it—"

—and at that moment a wild fluttering of

wings and a vicious clawing at the bars revealed Danny's pet game-cock in the coop—"and Cap'n Paul ain't never smelt powder; so I thought, sir, 'twas a mighty good chance to let him see what fightin' Britishers was like. And shorely, Mr. Paulding, it don't look right for a chicken that is named arter Cap'n Paul Jones, what took the S'rapis, to be hidin' down in the hold, when we've got fightin' for dinner. So I hopes, Mr. Paulding, bein' Cap'n Paul Jones ain't in the way, you'll let him stay on deck."

Paulding laughed, and agreed.

As the early morning wore on, the busy commotion was succeeded by the calm of perfect and steadfast preparation. Commodore Macdonough came out in his full-dress uniform, and every officer on all

the ships followed his example. At half-past seven o'clock, just as the ships' bells were striking, when the whole lake was bathed in the lovely glow of a cloudless September morning, the topsails of the British fleet, gleaming whitely against the blue sky, were seen passing along the low strip of land that juts out into the lake, of which Cumberland Head is the extremity. And at the same moment the American guard-boat was seen pulling slowly in over the sunlit bay, the water falling from the oars in silvery showers, as the blue-jackets bent to their work with steady strokes.

Then a signal went fluttering up to the masthead of the Saratoga, and Commodore Macdonough appeared upon the quarter-deck, surrounded by his officers. The

bravest of the brave, Macdonough feared nothing but God; and, at the moment of going into action, he publicly commended his country and his cause to the Lord of battles. Therefore, removing his cap, and kneeling reverently, he made, in a loud and clear voice, the prayer appointed before a fight at sea:

"O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things, Thou sittest on Thy throne, judging right, and therefore we make our prayer to Thy Divine Majesty, in this our necessity, that Thou wouldst take the cause into Thine own hand and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up Thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for Thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by

many or by few. Let not our sins now cry against us for vengeance; but hear us, Thy poor servants, begging for mercy, and imploring Thy help, and that Thou wouldst be a defense unto us against the face of the enemy. Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and mighty Deliverer, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

A solemn and heart-felt "Amen" from all, both officers and men, followed. As the young commodore rose from his knees, the sun struck the milk-white sails of the frigate Confiance, the flagship of the brave and noble Downie, as she rounded Cumberland Head in grand style. She was followed by three smaller vessels, the Finch, the Chubb, and the Linnet, and twelve gunboats, and from each of them the Union Jack was fluttering proudly in the blue air.

As the stately ships glided swiftly around the point, it was like the silent beauty of a dream; and then, in another moment, the sailors sprang aft to the braces, and the vessels were close hauled to allow the slower gunboats to catch up with them. The British ships being arranged in order, they filled on the starboard tack, and stood boldly in the bay, coming "bows on," the heroic Downie fatally conspicuous on the deck of the Confiance in full uniform, with his breast covered with medals gloriously earned.

Paulding, standing by Captain Cassin's side, watched the splendid sight with beating heart. The sublimity of war was before him. The tension of his mind was acute, but it was suddenly relieved by hearing Danny Dixon solemnly remark: "If them

wuthless cooks was to git out their bellerses now, 'twould make a wind for these 'ere craft that is comin' to spile our clo'es, and hurry 'em up a bit."

But "the craft" were coming fast enough now; and as they ranged past the American ships, in the midst of the deep and awful pause before the battle, a puff of white smoke came from one of the ports of the Eagle, followed by a stunning report, and a shot plowed its way across the water. It fell short, however, and the British ships came majestically on, without noticing it, until the Linnet was abreast of the Ticonderoga. Then the British sloop-of-war roared out her whole broadside of long twelve-pounders. But every shot fell short except one, that whizzed across the deck, and struck the chicken-coop in which Cap'n

Paul Jones was confined, knocking it to kindling-wood. The game-cock, instead of being frightened, was rejoiced to get his liberty, and jumping up on the gun-slide of the other Paul Jones, which was an eighteen-pounder and a she, to boot, flapped his wings fiercely and set up a loud crow of defiance at the British ship which he seemed to consider had delivered her whole broadside at him. The sailors burst into roars of laughter and cheering, that shook the Ticonderoga's deck, and echoed across the bright water to the British ships, where it was answered by a rousing British cheer. Nor did the cheering disconcert Cap'n Paul Jones any more than the broadside. Then, he flew up into the rigging, where he continued to crow defiance at the banners of England.

Danny Dixon was nearly wild with delight, and in the excess of his triumph danced a hornpipe for the benefit of his mates.

"I allers knowed there warn't no backdown in Cap'n Paul Jones. He's fittin' to stand alongside o' Cap'n Paul Jones hisself on the S'rapis's deck, and crow while the colors is bein' hauled down!" chuckled Danny.

"I'm glad I let you keep Paul Jones on deck," said Paulding, smiling at Danny's rapture.

"Yes, sir, thankee, sir. But, Mr. Paulding, when this 'ere Paul Jones—" (slapping his gun, which was a long eighteen-pounder) —"when she pipes up—Lord, Mr. Paulding, she'll make them Johnny Bulls dance! And I hope, sir, I'll git prize-money enough out o' 'em to pay for my hat they sp'iled

with puttin' a musket-shot through the crown t'other night."

As the Confiance hauled and stood boldly for the Saratoga, another great British cheer went up. Danny continued his reminiscences:

"I ain't heerd 'em cheer like that since the night the Bunnum Richard laid astern o' the S'rapis, and somebody hailed us—'twas mortal dark—and says, 'Ain't you ready to surrender?' and Cap'n Paul Jones he bawls out, 'We ain't begun to fight yet!' and—" Danny's eloquence was rudely interrupted here. The Confiance had just got within range of the Saratoga, and was preparing to come about into position, when Commodore Macdonough, himself sighting a long twenty-four-pounder, fired the first effective shot of the battle. It struck the

Confiance near her hawse-hole, and ranged the whole length of her deck, doing fearful damage and splintering her wheel. That was the signal, and the Saratoga followed it up with a terrible and effective broadside. But the Confiance, with unflinching steadiness, came proudly on to engage at close quarters. However, the wind had become light and baffling, and she was forced to port her helm while still two cables' lengths away from the Saratoga. Then, after coming to anchor with the utmost precision, and making everything secure, Captain Downie opened upon the Saratoga with frightful effect. The guns, double-shotted, at point-blank range, and in a perfectly smooth sea, were appalling in their destructiveness. Broadside after broadside struck the American corvette;

but she replied gallantly, her men serving the guns with as much coolness and accuracy as if it were merely target practice. Meanwhile, the Chubb and the Linnet had taken position abeam of the Eagle and had engaged her with great spirit. The Finch had anchored abreast of the Ticonderoga, and, supported by nearly all of the gunboats, opened savagely on the little sloop-of-war. The American gunboats also engaged, but the British gunboats, armed with long eighteen-pounders, and carrying soldiers as well as sailors, closed upon them with such tremendous force, that not only were they beaten back, but the little Preble was actually driven out of line, had her cables cut, and drifted helplessly ashore. This left the Ticonderoga as the sole defense of the rear-

guard, and she had to stand the concentrated fire of eight gunboats that poured grape and musketry into her at short range. But there was no flinching on the part of the gallant little sloop. Every man knew that, if she moved an inch, the line would be turned; and the Saratoga, with the Confiance abreast of her, and the Linnet giving her one raking broadside after another, had her hands full with her own enemies.

On board the Ticonderoga the officers worked with the men in pointing and handling the guns, while Captain Cassin coolly walked the taffrail amid a storm of grape and musketry. But he seemed to bear a charmed life, for not a shot struck him, although men were falling all around him. But so well was the vessel fought,

that several times the British thought her afire, from the awful rapidity with which her batteries were worked. Besides the gunboats, the Finch, which was handled with splendid skill and courage, bore down on the Ticonderoga. Her commander, a brave young lieutenant, was heard shouting to his sailing-master, "Lay aboard! lay aboard!" The sharp blare of the bugle calling away the boarders resounded over the din, and the boatswain had been ordered to cheer the men up with his pipe as they prepared to spring. Captain Cassin, coming up to Paulding, whose guns bore directly on the advancing vessel, said to him calmly:

"Mr. Paulding, two good broadsides ought to drive her off."

"Yes, sir," answered Paulding, springing

to Cap'n Paul Jones, and sighting the gun himself. But at that moment Danny Dixon came up to him and said, in a curious voice:

"Mr. Paulding, we ain't got no matches fit for nothin'! Look a-here, sir."

He struck a bunch of them, all together, against the gun-carriage, but there was not a spark.

Paulding stood almost paralyzed for a moment. Then the smoke drifted off, and he saw the Finch just about to close up on the quarter; the men gathered aft, armed with pikes and cutlasses, waiting in grim expectancy to be near enough to spring. The gunboats, too, were closing up, and the men were rising from their sweeps, ready to jump at the word In the first boat, an officer was standing up with a boat-hook in his hand, almost within reach of an

American sailor that, with his body half out of a port, held a huge cutlass ready to strike down the first man he could get at. The situation of the Ticonderoga was indeed desperate. A moment's hesitation, and hundreds of the enemy would have poured upon her decks; and, if there were no matches, not a gun could be fired. Suddenly an idea dawned upon Paulding's mind. Drawing his pistol, he flashed it at the touch-hole of the gun, and an instant later "Cap'n Paul Jones" thundered out a salute that staggered the gallant Finch. The wind caught her, and her head wore round until she was in a terrible position to be raked. Paulding ran from gun to gun, and, snapping his pistol at each one, two tremendous broadsides were poured into the Finch. A cloud of smoke envel-

Drawing his pistol, he flashed it at the touch hole of the gun.

oped her, and the damage could only be guessed at. But, from the immediate slackening of her fire, Paulding knew she must be fearfully crippled.

"You have done for her, I think, Mr. Paulding," said Captain Cassin, who had witnessed the whole thing, "and your country shall know of your gallant conduct this day."

Paulding's heart was too full to speak; but in silence he pointed, through the uplifting smoke that made the fair day dark, to the Finch, drifting hopelessly and helplessly ashore, two cables' length off, with her ensign shot to pieces, her sails in rags, and her masts splintered to the decks.

The Americans sent up a ringing cheer, and Danny Dixon fairly skipped in his delight.

"Hooray for Cap'n Paul Jones!" he shouted. "She's a screamer. Lord! it's her name that makes her shoot that way!"

Meanwhile the gunboats closed in with redoubled fury. Sometimes they came within a few feet of the Ticonderoga's rail, and were beaten off with pikes and cutlasses. Then they would haul off and pour shot into her from their long eighteen-pounders. But Paulding always managed to make it too hot for them with his battery, and one by one they were being disabled. In spite, however, of the splendid defense of his rear-guard, Commodore Macdonough's ship was suffering dreadfully. The Confiance, which was nearly double the size of the Saratoga, was giving her hot shot, which twice set her afire, while the Linnet, on her beam, raked her again and again. Her star-

board guns were being disabled in rapid succession by the main-deck battery of long twenty-fours in the Confiance, which, although severely injured, were yet doing magnificent work. At last, but a single gun remained of the starboard batteries of the Saratoga, and, in firing it, the bolt broke, the gun flew off the carriage, and actually tumbled down the main hatchway.

It was now, in these awful circumstances, that the genius and resources of the young commodore shone brightly. Without a single gun available on his engaged side, with a fourth of his men killed, his ship almost a wreck, and both the Confiance and the Linnet pouring in raking broadsides, Commodore Macdonough gave orders to wind the ship. It was done with invincible steadiness. The anchor that hung astern

of the Saratoga was let go, the men roused on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and in a few minutes the ship swung clear round, and opened her whole uninjured port battery on the Confiance with deadly precision. The Confiance attempted the same manœuvre, but she was so terribly cut up that she only got a little way round, where she hung with her head to the wind, at the mercy of the Saratoga. Her brave commander, Captain Downie, lay dead upon her deck, with many other officers, and nearly half her crew were killed or wounded—and she was forced to strike in the very last extremity. Without losing a moment, Commodore Macdonough again hauled on his starboard hawser until he sprung his broadside on the Linnet, which unflinchingly sustained

Battle of Lake Champlain.

The Saratoga and Eagle are represented in their second position; the Chubb has been captured and is being carried within the American line, and the Confiance is being raked by the Saratoga.

the fight alone and single-handed. Besides the Confiance, the Finch had been driven out of the fight, and by that time the Chubb had been shot to pieces, and drifted with the wind, a helpless hulk. The plucky little Linnet held out stoutly, hoping that the gunboats, of which some were still effective, might tow her off. But the Ticonderoga's guns finally did for them; and at last the gallant Linnet struck, with her hull riddled, her masts gone by the board, and the water a foot deep in her hold. It was now midday. Not a British ensign remained of the sixteen that had fluttered gayly in the morning breeze, nor was there a mast standing on either fleet that a sail could be made on. Some of the British marines had been at Trafalgar, and they all declared, "'Twarn't a patch on this

'ere fight." And indeed the way in which the ships were cut up was simply unparalleled.

As Captain Pring, of the Linnet, pulled off in his boat to the commodore's flagship to surrender his sword, the Americans gave him a tremendous cheer; for, the instant the fight was over, both sides fraternized, the officers setting them the example. All of the American captains were assembled on the quarter-deck of the Saratoga when the British officers offered their swords to Commodore Macdonough. But, instead of accepting them, the commodore said, with deep feeling:

"Gentlemen, your gallant conduct makes you worthy to wear your swords. Return them to their scabbards."

As soon as the formal surrender was

over, all attention was turned to the wounded. The officers worked side by side with the sailors, transporting the poor sufferers to the temporary hospital at Crab Island. Paulding, along with the other midshipmen, did good service, and by night every wounded man had been succored as far as possible. The brave Pring, in his official account of the battle, said:

"I have much satisfaction in making you acquainted with the humane treatment the wounded have received from Commodore Macdonough. They were immediately removed to his own hospital at Crab Island, and furnished with every requisite. His generous and polite attention to myself, the officers, and men, will ever be gratefully remembered."

Such was Macdonough—the brave, the

brilliant, the pious, the humane—insensible to fear and incapable of dishonor, his gentleness only equaled by his daring—the perfect type of an American officer.

As night came on, after the last wounded man had been taken care of, the dead removed ashore, and everything done for the prisoners that humanity could suggest, the American officers returned to their shattered but victorious ships. The round September moon rode high in the heavens, flooding lake and land with solemn splendor, and a soft night wind made the waves musical. Instead of the beautiful fleets on which the morning sun had shone, there were now little more than dismantled hulks —and, of the host of brave and merry sailors, many slept their last sleep. But it had been a day of valor, of patriotism,

of all that makes men most worthy to live or most nobly to die:

> "How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
> By all their country's wishes blest!"

Not one man—either English or American—gave cause for his country to blush that day.

The only boat that stirred upon the lake that night was Commodore Macdonough's, who visited in person every ship in his squadron. As he stepped upon the deck of each one, after he had been received with the formal honors due his rank, the sailors cheered him. Then he thanked the officers separately and the men collectively for their glorious work that day. It was nearly ten o'clock when his boat was hailed from the deck of the Ticonderoga, and in a minute

or two Captain Cassin gave the commodore his hand over the side. The deck was still a scene of wreckage, with splintered spars, dismounted guns, and all the disorder of a furious fight. The officers were assembled, and Commodore Macdonough shook hands with each one, and expressed his appreciation of their superb defense of their ship. Then he took Captain Cassin's arm, and the two officers walked up and down, Captain Cassin detailing the Ticonderoga's fight to the commodore. Paulding was officer of the deck, and, as they passed and repassed him in animated conversation, they seemed to forget his presence. Captain Cassin was telling about Paulding's device to fire his battery, and the little midshipman was forced to catch scraps of their conversation. The com-

modore said at intervals: "Good! good!" and Captain Cassin added in a loud tone: "That youngster is a brave fellow. You may depend upon it!"

Oh, how Paulding's heart swelled with honest pride at these words! To be praised by two such heroic men as Commodore Macdonough and Captain Cassin—to be called brave by officers whose very names were a synonym for courage—was more than he had ever dared to hope. He considered that he had but done his duty; but his was the good fortune to do his duty so that, although but a little midshipman, he had conferred great benefit upon his country in an hour of desperate peril. He went and leaned over the rail and looked at the white moonlight shimmering upon the water, and making a path of glory

from sea to sky. He listened to the silence, which was eloquent. There was no sound except the distant cadence of the oars as the commodore's boat pulled fast away across the moonlit sea. All was peace where only a little while ago had been the uproar of battle; and in Paulding's heart was peace. He had done his duty; and it was the sweetest consciousness he had ever felt in his life. The whole world seemed full of beauty and glory to him. He thought of his father's pride, his mother's blessing; and not the least of all these pleasant things was the reflection that he could hold up his head and be a man among men; for, although he was a man in bravery and responsibility, he was still only a boy in feeling. But he was perfectly happy; nothing could

mar the beauty of that one perfect hour in his life.

Soon the country was echoing with praise of the heroes of Lake Champlain. The Congress passed ringing resolutions in honor of the gallant Macdonough and his officers, and presented them with medals, while to the sailors were given rewards in money. Every midshipman was awarded a splendid sword; and, while each of these gallant boy-officers was equal in bravery, yet, in the service rendered, Hiram Paulding had surpassed them all.

THE END.